DECLINE OF THE FAMILY
– Michael P. Fogarty

THE

Commonweal

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Francis J. Lally

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J. L. Tallenay

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THE
Commonweal
week by week

THE MATTER OF LIVING STANDARDS

ASSUREDLY one of the big issues calling for review with the change in government is the matter of foreign aid. The Marshall Plan is completed and the coming year's Point Four appropriations remain to be decided. Already there are signs that private investors may be offered new and tangible encouragement to invest in the underdeveloped countries to make up for impending cuts in American government aid.

Nearly everyone from President Eisenhower down recognizes the connection between debased living standards and the threat of Communism in many harassed lands. It is also quite clear that the present "rising tide of color" gets much of its momentum from the desperate straits of various colonial peoples. Then there is something repellent to the Christian conscience about living in comparative luxury and comfort while vast numbers go about in rags, dwell in hovels and are wracked by hunger.

But even when America's duty in regards to the living standards of other peoples is clearly recognized and acknowledged, the practical difficulties are manifold. Anti-American prejudice invariably greets attempts at foreign aid. There is a universal conviction that our assistance is forthcoming only if the recipient wholeheartedly joins in our war against the Soviets. Colonial peoples, for instance, may not be particularly eager to yield up newly won political independence (or that for which they still strive) to submit to the Russian yoke. But many of them do not look upon Communism itself as the unmitigated evil Americans do. Often experience is back of their conviction that capitalism itself is bad. European critics appear unable to distinguish between their feudalistic form of capitalism and the American type. Widely distributed purchasing power, high wages and expanding production are alien to their cartel, restriction-of-production system.

The high profits gained by American foreign investments is another source of deep distrust. In the areas in which they are concentrated—say, Latin America and the Middle East—many people may be better off than they would otherwise have been. Steady employment, new schools and public health measures could only serve to benefit the whole community. But the native peoples remain suspicious of the object of such measures.

Another big obstacle to raising living standards is the attitude encountered among the people. Wealth tends to be concentrated in the hands of the few, while officialdom is often inefficient and corrupt. The ruling classes then seek to divert popular resentment from their own misconduct to foreign "imperialists."

As a result of exhausting climates, malnutrition, chronic disease, generations of poor schooling and a numbing lack of opportunity, the peoples whom various UN and American technicians are seeking to reclaim display a chilling lack of initiative. It is virtually impossible, at times, to rouse them from their apathy—whatever its causes. Even when the elites seek guidance on increasing or improving their methods of production, they seem to be after some magic, undemanding rule of thumb.

FINALLY there is widespread diffidence here in the United States. Among individual citizens the contrast between their own material well-being and the destitution of others inspires few qualms. In Washington itself the pressure is dominantly in the direction of curtailing appropriations (and taxes). To increase private investments in these lands, the government will probably have to guarantee such investments and give preferential tax treatment. There is little evidence of a vision of the future of our own nation in terms of building up other productive areas with which we would have fruitful trade relations.

The obstacles, then, are considerable. Yet the need persists. And in all parts of the globe, Point Four and other experts are actually demonstrating on a modest scale how much could be accomplished. When in the space of years two million acres of Pakistan desert can be transformed into arable land, for only one example, the possibilities everywhere can be envisioned. Moreover, several effective agen-

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cies are now actively at work. To official programs such as Point Four, UNESCO and the Colombo plan of the British Commonwealth, must be added the efforts of many private agencies. Economic rehabilitation has come to be one of the big jobs in a number of foreign mission fields.

Therefore the work of bringing up living standards, of inculcating good health and morale, is making certain strides in the postwar era. The idea is not proceeding nearly fast enough. Of all the cited obstacles, failure to recognize duties devolving upon great national wealth and productive know-how is probably the most stubborn.

Immediately, at least, rehabilitation of peoples tends to be a thankless task. But that should not keep the new administration, and the American people as individuals, from serious self-examination on this vital matter.

FACES OF COMMUNISM

COMMUNISM in this country is not quite the same thing as it is in Western Europe. Here, today, Communism is largely a conspiratorial danger. The Party's popular following is almost infinitesimal; whatever effect the Communists hope to have on molding public opinion must be by the underground method of infiltration. Publicly to count oneself a Communist is to court social ostracism.

The American Communist, by definition, is deemed unpatriotic, an enemy of society and of the public welfare. It was not always so. There was a time, during the depression and the wartime alliance with the Soviet, when not only the underprivileged but many leaders of opinion knew no shame in counting themselves Marxists. All that in America is passed. Today, the Communist *Worker* is delivered in a discreetly unmarked wrapper, and it would be a brave man indeed who would pull out a copy of it on a subway or streetcar or who, last summer, would have hung a VOTE FOR HALLINAN sign in his window.

In Western Europe Communism still claims a popular following. On a bus in Rome or the Metro in Paris it is not at all shocking to see people reading *L'Unita* or *L'Humanite*. In Paris and Rome there are "Red districts" where the non-Communist voter is the exception. Some observers say that about one out of every three soldiers in the Italian army is either a Communist or a Communist-sympathizer.

In short, Communists there are everywhere; they are as plentiful as thoroughgoing Chicago *Tribune* Republicans in this country. In the present battles of the Cold War we tend to see things as divided between the Soviet and the U.S. Many Europeans see them the same way, but, be it noted, without our natural attachments to the U.S. To be for the Communists in this country is to be against ourselves. It is not so clear-cut in Europe. In the minds of many impoverished and underprivileged people, to be for the Communists is to be against the "rich Americans." Anti-American and anti-capitalist feelings among the poor are skillfully exploited by Marxist propagandists.

It is rather common today to hear Communism —the American brand, that is—described as a middle-class, middle-brow phenomenon. But in Europe there is still a direct relationship between the poverty of a town or of a workers' district and the number of Communist votes which the area accounts for. "Belly Communism," a threat, but thanks to the New Deal, never a great force in the U.S. even in the darkest days of the depression, has practically disappeared here. But it still remains true in Europe that where there is poverty and need there will be Communism.

"Belly Communism" is not very profound to be sure—often it is more a matter of social protest than of hardheaded conviction. Nevertheless such Communists hold votes, and the Party is greatly dependent on this mass base. Recently as the Christian Democrats in Italy have distributed land to the impoverished peasants in the South, there has been ceremonial destruction of party cards by erstwhile "Communists" who, once they were given a ray of hope, were quick to abandon their Marxist allegiance.

NEXT WEEK

GEOFFREY ASHE writes about the depersonalization of the industrial worker and what can be done about it.

"On assembly lines nervous tension sometimes accumulates to a point where the workers burst out into senseless shouts and yells. There are plans where a cathartic 'line cry' at approved intervals has actually been made a routine. Prying below the visible and audible, psychologists catch glimpses of unhealthy dream-worlds. Every machine-shop houses a swarm of Walter Mittys. Their hands labor, their minds wander. Thought, will, passion, most of the things in which their humanity consists, fail to make contact with the task. Everybody admits that American-style capitalism has raised living standards. But some of its more gradual effects are becoming manifest in the growth of drug-taking, insomnia, frigidity, divorce. Now that TV has made even the home a place of daydreams, it appears more urgent than ever that something should be done to re-integrate the life of the factory."

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All this is to say that it is still true that where grave inequalities exist every forward step toward social justice is a blow against Communism. To defeat Communism it is not enough, of course, to make social progress: one is still left with the conspiratorial nature of the Party and the aggressive imperialism of Moscow. But it would be foolish to underestimate the importance of Communism as a negative expression of righteous protest.

We should not judge the Communist movement only in terms of its suburban American expression. The kind of work that was done openly by Party members among our own unemployed city workers, minority groups, sharecroppers and homeless Okies in the depression thirties is being done today in countries which do not enjoy our prosperity and consequent immunity from movements of mass social protest. It is still true that to overcome Communism we must feed the hungry, clothe the naked and shelter the homeless.

SEGREGATION IN WASHINGTON

SEGREGATION in the shadow of the Capitol has long been a national—and international—scandal. That the problem is a real one was dramatically illustrated a few years ago by Ralph Bunche, the distinguished Negro now with the UN. Offered a key post with the State Department—where his talents could have greatly aided America's cause, especially in Asia—Bunche declined the offer because he did not feel he could in conscience expose his children to Washington's pattern of enforced segregation.

Now segregation in the national capital has made the news again. By a five-to-four decision, the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia has ruled that restaurants there may legally refuse to serve Negroes. Some fine points of law were involved in the decision, centering around what were called the "lost laws" of 1872 and 1873, barring discrimination in eating places because of race, and considerable argument before the Court was devoted to the more technical aspects of the case, rather than to the basic principles involved. As a result, in handing down its decision, the Court emphasized that its ruling related only to legal validity and not to "the wisdom of the policy."

But even though technical questions in this case obscured the larger issue, it seems clear that the fight against segregation has suffered something of a setback. Attorneys for the District of Columbia have indicated that the case will be taken to the Supreme Court as quickly as possible. But because an adverse ruling, based purely on validity or lack of it in the "lost laws," may be widely misinterpreted, the next step should really be taken by Congress as the ruling body for the District of Columbia.

During the campaign both parties and their candidates expressed dissatisfaction with discrimination in the capital. Now Congress has a clear opportunity to do something about it. The shame of segregation in Washington should be eliminated, as an important step toward making the nation's capital what it should be, a showplace for the democratic way of life.

THE PROCESS OF DISSOLUTION

LAST week The Commonweal sent to press M. Tallenay's discussion of "Limelight." Now, in an irony which was not anticipated, "Limelight" will have been banned from a large number of American movie houses by the time his discussion appears. Local theaters operated by Fox on the West Coast and the Loew's theater circuit in New York, under the threat of picketing, have cancelled scheduled showings of Mr. Chaplin's film. The threats came, not surprisingly, from the American Legion, particularly from the Legion's national commander, Lewis K. Gough.

Mr. Gough has stated that, in line with the Legion's "official" point of view, the theaters in question are "withdrawing presentation of this film pending the outcome of the investigation by the Justice Department pertaining to the granting of a certificate of re-entry to the United States to Mr. Chaplin."

The theaters, it would seem, have thus subscribed to an assumption increasingly evident behind a type of neo-patriotism for which the Legion has become a leading spokesman. It is the assumption that a man on whom suspicion of disloyalty has fallen is guilty until he is proved innocent. For only such an assumption could explain the Legion's remarkable "official" point of view, as set forth by Mr. Gough, or the theaters' present action in yielding to it.

"I believe," Judge Learned Hand recently declared, "that that community is already in process of dissolution where each man begins to eye his neighbor as a possible enemy, where non-conformity with the accepted creed, political as well as religious, is a mark of disaffection." Unhappily, the eminent Justice might have added, the process of dissolution seems well under way, as evidenced by such incidents as the present Chaplin controversy.

There is no doubt that Mr. Chaplin has said some things which are, perhaps deservedly, unpopular in this country, and that his private conduct has shocked many people. He has, further, neglected to become an American citizen, and the reasons he has given for this neglect have outraged many Americans.

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It is therefore not surprising that the American Legion and others who share its concept of militant patriotism do not like Mr. Chaplin. No one would expect them to, just as no one should question their right to express their dislike publicly and to stay away from Mr. Chaplin's films.

But whatever may be one's opinion on Mr. Chaplin's private life and views, the fact remains that he is a very great artist whose contributions to American life and culture have been far in excess of any material reward America could give him in return. His vision of the comedy, pathos and tragedy of human destiny, and his consistent plea for the dignity of human life, are things beyond measuring in terms of material reward. If now, in the midst of controversy, American audiences are denied an opportunity to share his vision and hear his plea, America itself will be the loser. It will once more have been sold short by its too zealous "friends."

CONTAINMENT AND LIBERATION

THE brief and quickly smoothed-over skirmish between State Department officer George Kennan, and the new Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles, cast some slight illumination on a problem which has been awash in campaign oratory and pious good intentions since last summer.

Is there an alternative to containment? Kennan says, in substance, no. (His concept of containment, however, is more dynamic than the multiple fingers-in-the-dike simplification attacked by the policy's enemies.) Mr. Dulles and the Republicans say yes. In a letter to this magazine last October 3rd, Mr. Dulles said: "[I know] of situations in various parts of the world which afford those of dynamic purpose the opportunity peacefully to set up strains and stresses within the Soviet-dominated world which will preoccupy the rulers with home problems, and gradually disintegrate and shrink their control. . . ."

Mr. Dulles goes on to say that to publicize such opportunities would be to destroy them, which is, of course, true. But the necessary secrecy has the bad effect of cutting down public discussion of an extremely crucial issue.

If Mr. Dulles' "liberation" is a real program, and not campaign talk, nor merely a maneuver to mobilize greater congressional support for what will be basically the same policy as Kennan's, it deserves serious public discussion.

Quite possibly, success in liberation could be disastrous. For that matter, it is sanguine seriously to expect complete success. And Mr. Dulles states flatly that he does not mean to promote violent revolt.

But suppose the U.S. furnishes aid to partisans and underground propaganda groups in an attempt to stir up popular unrest and shake the satellite governments. These people cannot expect liberation from Soviet control without military backing from the West—i.e., war. We are offering them no tangible hope in return for their fight. If they achieve a real degree of success in mobilizing popular opinion, resistance to the police and sabotage, and the Americans do not move troops to help them, the Soviets will undoubtedly wipe them out. And the past three decades have shown us that totalitarian police forces can eliminate whole segments of a modern nation's population—quietly, efficiently and ruthlessly.

And suppose this program were successful enough seriously to threaten Soviet control. Is it not at least a good possibility that the Soviets would choose an all-or-nothing war, rather than see their empire break up?

Perhaps the answer is no—that the Soviets would be too busy with internal problems to be able to set off full scale war. But that seems to be a rather tenuous possibility for us to pin on it the lives of our friends and ourselves.

We can certainly keep Western ideas and ideals alive in the captured East, and keep the truth on the air and in the underground periodicals. We can help people to escape and treat them decently when they arrive in the West. We can encourage *passive* resistance.

But unless we can offer a real hope of early liberation to satellite peoples, it would be dangerous for us to be carried away by good intentions, and encourage active resistance. If we do not go to war, our subversive activities will be a heartless dissipation of resistance heroism. During the war, the Resistance knew that there was an England to go to, that Allied agents were parachuting in to help, that money and supplies were coming by parachute and submarine. Most of all, they knew that there was a liberating army on the way. Today we can furnish the haven, the money and the help, but not the army.

The hope this time is not an army, but a disintegration within Russia itself, brought on by internal power struggle, external stalemate, and the essential contradiction of a totalitarianism created by and imposed upon men of free will. We can hasten that disintegration by stopping Soviet expansion and by prudent, well-calculated, temperate use of passive resistance and propaganda. And that brings us back to Mr. Kennan's version of containment. And when the State Department said that the Kennan-Dulles dispute was resolved, perhaps that is what they meant.

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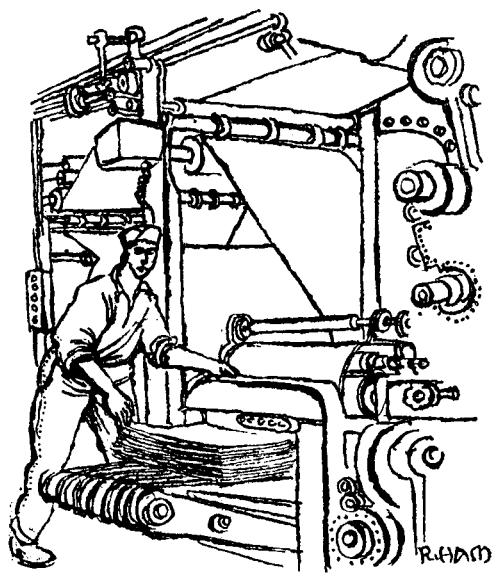
State of the Catholic Press

THE VITAL CONTRIBUTION OF THE CATHOLIC PAPER IS TO TRANSLATE INTO TERMS OF THE CONTEMPORARY AN EDITORIAL POSITION ULTIMATELY EVANGELICAL

FRANCIS J. LALLY

IT was Chesterton, I think, who said that anything worth doing was worth doing poorly. This is a principle of some validity which has been applied—with too ready acceptance among a few of us—to the Catholic press of the United States. No special gift of penetration is required to discover the limitations of the Catholic press, but an approach from this angle does have the advantage of taking a hold on the matter *in concreto*.

The most consistently recurring criticism of the Catholic papers of America is that they lack the so-called professional touch. With each year this censure becomes less valid, to be sure, but it remains nonetheless the most obvious difficulty we face. It is of prime importance that a paper be attractive; if it is not inviting enough to get the readers' attention in the first place, its effectiveness ends right there—it simply will not be read.



All this is only to say that good writing and good make-up are essential prerequisites for successful journalism. You must have them to have a good paper. It will be necessary to add at once, however, that these qualities themselves do not make a good paper; they merely lay the groundwork.

At this point the Catholic editor inevitably points out what he thinks it is that keeps him from presenting the best in journalism; in almost every case the answer is the same: lack of funds. Most papers operate on a restricted budget and cannot afford the financial outlay for personnel and maintenance which the professional approach requires. As a result, one or two people attempt to do the work of two or three times that number, and the work itself suffers. No Catholic editor enjoys hearing over and over again the litany of such faults which beset his paper. These are matters of which he is acutely conscious, but unable to remedy.

Monsignor Lally is editor of "The Pilot," official publication of the Archdiocese of Boston.

If this were, however, the most significant problem facing the Catholic press, our problems would be small indeed. For on the supposition that financial complications are at the root of the difficulty, then our papers of largest circulation and longest traditions of solvency would be our best. But the fact is that quite consistently they are not.

It used to be objected that the Catholic press was a "slanted" press, that seeing the world through a set of pre-focused lenses, it was bound to come up with recurrent distortions which in the nature of things could not be changed. Fortunately, students of journalism are now willing to admit that every paper is slanted; you have to consider the news from some vantage point, and if you pretend that your treatment is utterly impartial, it merely means that you have not discovered the location of your particular set of prejudices or prejudgments.

The Catholic paper admits at once to an editorial position, and some may even suggest that its function is to place in focus a world of exaggerations. While this view makes the work of the Catholic press a purely corrective one, it points at least in the right direction. Some of the labors of Catholic editors will be devoted to reinterpreting the news which appears elsewhere and analyzing it in the light of the traditional principles of the historic Church of Christendom. But to make this corrective task our chief interest is to live a parasitic existence, turning our press into a kind of list of *corrigenda* to be held in one hand while the reader holds the daily press in the other.

THE vital contribution of the Catholic paper to the life of the community is the translation into terms of contemporary life of an editorial position which is ultimately evangelical. This editorial position moreover

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is not one expressed merely in the editorial columns but in the general handling of the news. The front page speaks as surely of the editorial position of the paper as does the editorial page itself. Unless we can presume the handling of the news and the allotment of space to be utterly haphazard, we must believe that it follows a scheme of importance, and the determination of this relative importance of various items is an editorial function.

In its simplest terms the principal problem of the Catholic journalist is to see the news in relation to a total view; he must understand the place of the news in the pattern of existing things and not as an isolated incident in a world of unrelated events. The function of the Catholic journalist is a *contextual* one, that of measuring the importance of events in the light of their special relationship with the rest of reality. This judgment should be the characteristic action of a good editor, and it is precisely along these lines that the principal deficiency of the Catholic press in the United States can be noted. Our failure, in short, is an editorial failure.

This philosophy of the total view is not one we can lightly set aside. When it is abandoned, we become the victims, as indeed we have, of sensationalism, sentimentalism and other forms of exaggeration. Just as in education, so in journalism we are not free to present to our readers isolated facts, as one might indiscriminately stuff rags into a bag. If such a course is followed, the results to the mind are just what you would expect; it merely bulges. The process of education is one of understanding the relationship of things, of appreciating a certain necessary hierarchy of values. When this process is confused with the gathering of information without the contextual pattern, it is the mind of the reader that suffers.

The function of the editor is to indicate by his treatment of every news item what he feels to be its relative significance in the pattern of reality. The headlines, the length of a story, the prominence of its place, the sacrificing of one news item for another—all these and a thousand other actions are determined by the merits of a story in relation to the total view of reality as seen by the editor. If the editor's orientation is toward Communism, or capitalism, or the Democratic (or Republican) party, or free enterprise, or socialism or what-have-you, his paper will usually reflect his views. When the editor is a Catholic editor of a religious journal, the pages of that journal should give a Catholic view of the world, and it should be a balanced and comprehensible one which the reader cannot mistake.

UNFORTUNATELY, the Catholic papers of the United States too generally appear to offer a distorted and inaccurate picture of the Catholic view of reality. Not all Catholic journalists, for instance, are at ease when a Catholic paper of large national circulation persistently headlines on page one whatever curious item that can be found to catch the public imagination. Even though they may touch the fancy of the credulous and uninformed, some of us have our reservations about a "weeping statue" or "flowers that never fade" or some "alleged vision" or "mystery rose petals," particularly when subsequent editions carry no further news of them.

The first story, headlined but not verified, may sell papers, to be sure, but it harms the cause of Catholic journalism among believers, non-believers and those who might wish to believe. Nor is the situation helped when a newspaper serves up to its readers each week on the first page a bad chromo of contemporary and sentimental piety. Even if the matter of poor taste is set aside, certainly you still have good cause to wonder about the effect of such a policy on the vigor of Catholic life.

Another example worth mentioning is the question of the Communist peril and its treatment in the Catholic press. The position of Catholics on the Communist question is unequivocal and quite generally recognized. Surely the Catholic paper must reflect this view and realistically oppose infiltration at home and oppression abroad. But it may well be asked whether anti-Communism can ever be used as an exclusive norm of orthodoxy. It is not always true that the enemy of an enemy is a friend whose company we want. Those papers which consistently publish anti-Communist blasts from every source without discrimination find themselves making strange and uncomfortable allies they may later be forced to repudiate.

Further, there is an important psychological drawback, not to mention a spiritual one, in making our preoccupation totally *anti*-anything. To reduce our work to a negative function, to a policy of destruction, is to straiten beyond bearing the Christian evangel, and in the long run it is harmful to Christianity itself.

Someone has said that Communism is both a protest and a program and that vital Christians will join in its *protest* against the exploitation of man while exposing the diabolic implications of its *program* which betrays and crushes him. In dealing with an erroneous ideology, the constructive dynamism of the Christian Church, even in the development of the good society, must never be neglected. But there is, unhappily, a vast amount of evidence to indicate that our Catholic press in America feels that any stick is good enough with which to beat the Reds. Some quarters apparently feel that we have come to the pass where we must use the ancient and immoral principle of fighting fire with fire; for Catholics however it is never allowed that the enemy choose the weapons to be used in our war against the evils of the world.

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THIS brings up the matter of McCarthyism and its implications for the Catholic press. The pressures against McCarthy which emanated from powerful sources in the early days made his "white knight" appearance quite attractive. Added to this, we have had the substantiation of some of his claims by later investigators, which seemed to indicate that this fellow knew what he was talking about. Some areas of the Catholic press have therefore followed the policy of printing McCarthy's charges at great lengths and accompanying them with laudatory editorial comment. The result has been that their readers are divided, some pleased, some shocked.

Here is an example of the necessity of the total-view approach, previously mentioned in connection with the determination of editorial policy. Let us assume (and I believe we have no right to do otherwise) that Senator McCarthy's anti-Red campaign is an honest effort to rid our government of traitors in prominent public office. All patriotic Americans share this enthusiasm. In order for a line of action to be good, however, it is not enough that it have a good purpose or intention; it must not be vitiated by evil means or circumstances which may change its nature. The total view requires, then, a study of these factors before the action can be endorsed.

When there is evidence that misrepresentation or slander is being used, even for a worthy cause, we do right to condemn the action. When the line of action itself shows signs of endangering general freedom of expression or suppressing original and constructive thinking, then we may argue that the rights which it destroys are more vital than those it strives to defend and that we should seek some new means of proceeding against the enemy.

At this point it is not important to say which position is more defensible. What is important is the fact that the narrow view of immediate success or quick effectiveness is not the Catholic test; the total view will consider the long-range effects and weigh present success against the possibility of detriment to the general welfare. Only when this has been determined, does the Catholic feel free to make his choice.

All of this may not sound at all like a concrete program for a better Catholic press in America. But obviously no blueprint can be sketched from which we can construct the ideal Catholic paper with architectural precision. What will make a Catholic paper the true expression of its ideal will be the breath of the Spirit which informs it, and this Spirit descends upon people, and in this case, upon editors.

When the editor lives in a world which recognizes a hierarchy of values, a discernible pattern of life and its supernatural meaning for man, his paper inevitably will carry some of his mind to its readers. When, on the other hand, a man—however pious—lives in a world whose order escapes him, he either pursues a single enthusiasm with extraordinary vigor, or leaps from one enthusiasm to the next with the changing tide.

In Catholic press month, and in our prayers, we would do well to recall, then, that the future of our press lies in the hands of its editors—whether for weal or for woe. Fortunately, moreover, it lies also in the hands of God, whose Holy Spirit still manages to penetrate even the most wayward editorial offices.

Birth of a Steel Town

THE NEW U. S. STEEL PLANT IS CONVERTING BUCKS COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA INTO WHAT MAY SOON BE THE MOST HIGHLY INDUSTRIALIZED AREA IN THE WORLD

W. M. DWYER

THE United States Steel Corporation's Fairless Works, building since March 1951, went into partial production in December. It sprawls over a four-thousand-acre peninsula formed by a bend in the Delaware River just across from Trenton, New Jersey, and two miles downstream from Morrisville, Pennsylvania (population 7,000).

Of the forty-one defense plants rising across the nation, the Fairless Works is exceeded in size only by the new Atomic Energy Commission Plant in South Carolina. But in a sense its effects are far greater than those of the South Carolina plant. The Fairless Works, situated on a direct path between two industrial giants, New York and Philadelphia, is propelling its area into a boom—with attendant problems and headaches—seldom equalled in American history.

The new plant is rapidly converting Bucks County, Pennsylvania, traditionally known for its art colony and its gentleman farmers, into the center of what may soon be the most highly industrialized area in the world. For

A feature writer for the Trenton "Times," Mr. Dwyer has been able to study at firsthand the transformation he describes.

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the Fairless Works is not just a steel plant; it is a steel magnet attracting scores of industries interested in being close to a good source of supply. Seventy-six new business and industrial firms blossomed near the steelworks in just the first six months of 1951. Fairless has hardly begun to produce, but already there are some three hundred new or expanded plants in the making between Trenton and Philadelphia. Fairless will employ only six thousand at peak production; the big influx will be supplied by the steel-using and steel-serving industries flocking to its side.

The industrial renaissance on the Delaware started in the summer of 1948 when two strangers appeared looking for options on land. Not just a few farm properties, but acres by the thousand. The silent buyer was Big Steel.

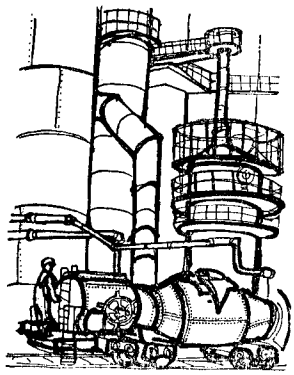
The official announcement of the new works was big news, and there were rosy headlines: "Lower Bucks Residents Hail Mill Prospects." "Trenton Benefits Cited in Bucks County Boom." Almost overnight an industrial expansion of boom proportions was in the making. A Trenton Chamber of Commerce official predicted a population jump of one hundred thousand in a decade. Property near the plant site went sky high. Homes built for $10,000 started going for $25,000 or more. On top of it all, Kaiser Metal Products in nearby Bristol announced it would up its payroll from a few hundred to seven thousand workers. Big Steel lent fifteen million in mortgage money to get a four-thousand-home development under way. Then along came Levitt and Sons with plans to erect a city of seventy thousand out in the spinach fields. (Four thousand of the sixteen thousand Levittown homes are already built.) Loan companies became as numerous as the fruit stands once had been. There was standing-room-only in restaurants, banks, drugstores and bars. As construction workers poured in, the Morrisville bank increased its deposits from six to eleven millions a year and had to double the size of its building and staff.

But here and there amid the excitement the voice of discontent began to be heard in the land. The first wave of prosperity was followed by the realization that there would be no sudden growth without growing pains. "You wait and see," said more than one, "it'll hurt us more than help us. Why do you think steel is sending in public relations people a year in advance?" And across the river in Trenton a county official wasn't sure whether the advent of Big Steel was going to be a good thing or a pain in the neck.

The cost of the Fairless Works is almost a half million dollars. It is the largest steelworks ever built at one time (and its facilities can be tripled). It is laced by seventy-five miles of railroad track, twenty-five miles of highway and thirty miles of sewer. Ten thousand construction workers there are converting one hundred and twenty-five thousand tons of steel and eight hundred thousand tons of concrete into a black giant that will disgorge two million tons of steel a year, enough for a million sedans —or fifty thousand tanks.

Everything about the place is huge—and so are the problems of the revolution it has set off.

A CHILD whose school is a converted house is among the luckier children in Bucks County. For many youngsters, school is a former garage, a fire-house attic, a Grange hall, a church or a Legion home. Only sixteen per cent of the pupils receive normal schooling; the rest are in school only half a day, or are in makeshift classrooms, or both. Some children are up before sunrise to make the early bus; many on the late shift reach home long after dark.



Even before the coming of Big Steel, most Bucks County school boards were hard put to meet minimum requirements. In 1940 Bucks had an "old age" population; its birth rate was the lowest in Pennsylvania. But by 1950, following the post-war flight from the city to the suburbs, the county was the fastest growing in the state. Then came the deluge. With the steel influx, communities that had thought twice before buying a new blackboard suddenly had to start building million dollar schools. In the making right now are twenty-four million dollars' worth of schools. And population zooms at such a rate that new schools are overcrowded the day they open.

Enrollment is up thirty-seven per cent since 1948 and the peak is years away. In one school district alone, the annual budget has risen from $189,000 in 1948 to $1,230,000; enrollment from fourteen hundred to twenty nine hundred and by March it will be over four thousand. Five hundred new elementary school teachers will be needed in the next eight years. Bidding by communities for teachers has become so spirited that charges of piracy are common.

"Old residents," accustomed to a leisurely way of life, are slightly aghast at the bumper-to-bumper traffic which has suddenly come to the village crossroads. And burned up at those long, long lines at the butcher's and baker's—and at those rising local taxes. Many are inclined to blame the "new people" for everything from decaying morals to crumbling roads.

LIKE Trenton across the river, Morrisville finds itself in the position of being almost fully developed and

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unable to take much advantage of the boom. Meanwhile taxes are rising because more services are necessary. Opinions are sharply divided in Morrisville; the citizens are either strongly for or strongly against the mushrooming of Big Steel in their backyard, but the complaints seem to outnumber the bouquets.

"We were sold out by the few," says a merchant, "the few who made a killing by selling property."

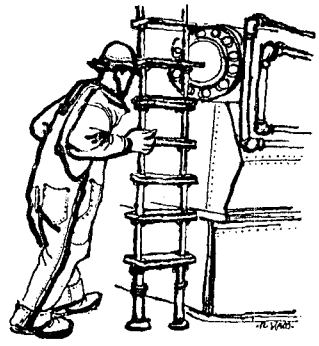
"You'd be burned up too," a Morrisville housewife says, "if it happened to you. I used to have a view of the river; now my view is the backside of a supermarket."

"I don't blame U.S. Steel for everything," says another. "They're trying to be good neighbors, giving money to schools and hospitals and such. But I wish to hell they'd never come."

Some industrialists and many small businessmen on both sides of the river are concerned about the prospect of competing with Big Steel on the labor market. For its six thousand jobs, U.S. Steel had forty thousand applicants as early as last April. Two contractors said they decided not to submit bids to build Morrisville sewers because they were afraid of bringing in their work crews, then losing them to construction companies building the Fairless Works. Over one weekend last summer, all eighty-nine carpenters on two new school buildings in Philadelphia left to take jobs at the steelworks.

Steel company spokesmen point out that the construction workers are not Fairless employes, and steelworkers, they add, will be paid on the same scale used in the steel industries of Trenton. Why all the viewing with alarm?

IT would be bending the truth to blame U.S. Steel for the fact that across the river in Trenton there is a sickly boy who lives in a hovel and comes to school underclothed. There is a connection between the advent of Big Steel and Trenton's housing problems, for the influx has aggravated what was already a bad situation. But the roots of the trouble can be found in Trenton, not at the Fairless Works.



With almost eighteen thousand persons to the square mile, Trenton is loaded; it is the fifth most crowded city in the nation. Doctors see a definite relation between this condition and Trenton's tuberculosis rate, the highest in New Jersey. Police see the results of it in the growing crime rate. The ironical part of the story is that the average citizen, who foots the bill for all of this, doesn't even know that Trenton is sitting on a powder keg. One half has no idea how the other half lives. ("You mean to say that these conditions really exist right here in our city?")

Here are a few typical cases in blighted areas of the city: For fifteen dollars a week (which comes to $780 a year) a family of six rents one room and shares kitchen and bath with two other families. Three children live in a room over a saloon with mother and "mother's boyfriend." Another family lives in a soda pop stand. Forty or more people are living in one double house. "And it's a bawdy house," says an indignant man across the street. "I know because some of the guys I know patronize the place."

Public apathy is cited as a chief cause of such conditions. Many other reasons are offered. According to one city official the real estate board has successfully blocked every project designed to reclaim slum areas. Some blame greedy landlords. But that is not the whole story. There are tenants who use their own floors and cellar doors for firewood. There are others with full liquor closets and brand new television sets who pack their children off to school without breakfast—or simply send them out into the streets.

Jim Crow is another factor in the housing headache and he operates on both sides of the Delaware. On the Pennsylvania side Negroes are all but excluded. They are not permitted to buy homes in Levittown and other new developments. And there is no place for them in the old towns of Bucks County.

In Trenton as in most cities, Negroes are confined to certain areas, most of them overcrowded. The result is that in some Negro sections, beds are being rented two shifts a day. "You unsegregated your schools and made it nice for the Negroes," a Morrisville business leader says of Trenton. "You said, 'Come on up; we like you.' So it's your problem."

Recent Negro arrivals from the South report that Trenton's relatively liberal policies are being advertised. They say that "Trenton is a good place," is scribbled on signs along main routes in the South.

"Over in Pennsylvania," a Trenton official says, "they seem to be working on the theory that Bucks County will have all the headaches. Actually, there has been and will continue to be a big overflow into Trenton. Trenton's already feeling the tremors of moral breakdown—more barroom brawling, mugging, beating up of cops, assaults on women. And usually it's the work of floaters and borderline vagrants who've drifted here with the tide."

City officials are criticized for not enforcing housing, health and other ordinances. But if they did, many families would be turned out on the street. "That house is unsafe; it must be demolished," said the building inspector just back from inspecting a decaying home. But it was the same old story: We can't put those people out on the streets. Where would they go?

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A pessimist would find a lifetime supply of material on either side of the river. The changes have been too severe and sudden for many communities in Bucks County. Most towns there in the past have not needed or not bothered to establish services taken for granted in cities. Health services are inadequate. Welfare agencies are few and operate independently. Public recreation is extremely limited. Sewage systems are a rarity.

Most civic officials devote only a small amount of their time to their jobs. Local planning is limited by minuscule appropriations. Citizens groups are pressing for better area planning but uncontrolled growth continues on a business-as-usual basis. Garbage disposal is usually done in open dumps. Some communities actually require that refuse be dumped outside city limits. This sometimes means it is dumped inside another community. Result: one community is quietly exchanging garbage with another.

Reporters have found a great number of people completely unaware of social welfare and other problems, and others aware of what must be done but reluctant to do anything for fear of increased taxes. "Some of these people," said a visitor borrowing a phrase from Governor Stevenson, "will have to be dragged kicking and screaming from the nineteenth to the twentieth century."

HAPPILY, there *are* some indications of a reawakening. A women's group has successfully sponsored ordinances designed to make way for better housing in Trenton. Councils on Human Relations are fighting Jim Crow and other enemies on both sides of the river. For the first time, Trenton is making plans to reclaim slum areas. The Trenton and Bucks County school systems enjoy the blessing of enlightened leadership.

There are many indications that in the long run the coming of Big Steel may prove a boon, aside from the obvious benefits growing out of increased payrolls. "In a lot of ways," says one observer, "things were intolerable long before the steel plant came. When the steel plant did come, housing and other headaches got so bad that people started doing something about them for the first time."

What the outcome will be, only the historians and sociologists of the future will know. Things are happening too fast right now. But the major changes which are needed, especially changes in the general public's thinking, might be considered in the light of Ben Franklin's remark:

"To get the bad customs of a country changed, and new ones, though better, introduced, it is necessary first to remove prejudice, enlighten ignorance, and convince [the people] their interests will be promoted by the proposed changes; and this is not the work of a day."

FROM ENGLAND

Decline of the Family

THE results of the Population Census for 1951 have provoked a fair amount of discussion about the British family. The statistics themselves do not tell us anything very new. We are not surprised (though it is useful to have it in this comprehensive and official form) that a million families still have no houses of their own, that two-fifths of all dwellings have no bath, or that the number of resident domestic servants is a mere quarter of what it was in 1931. The "unproductive clerk," as *The Economist* calls him, with a fertility rate only 80 per cent of the (low) national average, has been familiar in population studies for a generation or more.

What strikes one most about the discussion is a tone which is also not new, and is interesting for just that reason. In spite of all the thought that has gone into its problems in recent years, the family still appears devastatingly and, one might well think, irreparably dull. Family life is necessary. It is, or can be, pleasant enough, in a smug, well-cushioned sort of way, for those who like domesticity, licensed sex, and not too much more.

But it is obviously—as one listens to the way people talk about it—not dynamic. If one has the gifts of a leader of men, or an apostle, one may use them *for* the family, but not *in* or *through* it. Levers to transform the world, the chance to live a life of high ideals and great service to one's fellow-men, are elsewhere, in industry or politics or science or among the clergy. The family is an institution to be "safeguarded and strengthened" (I quote the Marriage Guidance Council); a foundation-stone of society, if you like, but certainly not a ferment.

A number of married women with children, employed in the top grades of the Civil Service and of scientific research, were recently asked why they preferred to go out to work. The answer boiled down to a balance between the claims of their children (plus the "boredom" of domesticity) and the interest of a highly skilled and responsible job. The idea that family life might itself provide the base for highly skilled and responsible leadership, reaching far beyond a woman's own front door, seemed never to have crossed their minds.

One reason why the family is dull—I mean the family with children—is of course that it cannot afford to be anything else. A French semi-skilled worker with two

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children has drawn in the last few years a family allowance equivalent to thirty-five to forty per cent of a childless worker's wage, not counting any extra benefit he may get from social services. A worker with five children has been drawing one hundred five to one hundred ten per cent. The Royal Commission on Population reckoned that a similar British worker with two children drew in 1948—counting tax allowances, certain payments in kind, and family allowances, but not such items as public education or the National Health Service—only about ten to fifteen per cent more than his childless colleague. The position is not very different now. To give the two-child and the childless family the same standard of living allowances would, the Royal Commission thought, have to go up to at least the French figure. A similar redistribution, equal in proportion and even greater in amount, would be needed at higher income levels.

But even in this purely material matter of redistributing incomes, one runs quickly into some very tricky problems. The Royal Commission itself never quite made up its mind how far redistribution should be by the state and how far (as at present in the universities) by collective agreement in each profession. And it is clear that if government redistribution on this scale appears simply as a tax, imposed but not understood or welcomed—if it is not seen as a right and proper resharing of money which has first to be earned—it must have some tendency to "devalue" work. And in Britain, whereas many other social services are accepted as right and proper, people have still to be educated to fair shares for the family on the French scale.

THERE is also the question of what happens within the family. The family is anything but a "unit" for economic purposes, and there is no automatic guarantee that resources will be fairly shared within it. Mr. Michael Young, in a fascinating study published this month, shows that the male animal has done pretty well in the last two or three years. In thirty-five to forty per cent of a sample of families where the wife has a definite personal and housekeeping allowance—these include about three-quarters of all families sampled—the allowance has not kept pace with the rise in wages and the cost of living. This is on top of husbands' achievement in maintaining their massive consumption of tobacco and drink at prewar levels, although the rise in their price has far outrun the rise in wages.

One safety-valve for the wives has been to go out to work, which an increasing (probably an excessively increasing) number of them have done. The other, much more important, is the Welfare State, which pays many benefits in cash and kind directly or indirectly to wives: family allowances, food subsidies, medical expenses, rent control. Mr. Young sees the State as a gigantic wives' conspiracy to mop up husbands' surplus funds by taxes on tobacco, gambling, and drink, and turn them over to women, children, and the aged, who are not strong enough to get them from the overbearing male by themselves. And here is the sting of the argument. For Mr. Young is among other things head of the Labor Party's research department. There is a hint that, since husbands and wives cannot settle their own economic problems, the Welfare State will have to go on doing it for them.

BUT no one in any case imagines that the problems of the family are wholly or even mainly material. The family is also, investigator after investigator assures us, afflicted with "social" or "spiritual" poverty, in the sense of being unable to develop a satisfactory social or spiritual life within its walls or in relation to the outside world. One does not need to live long in big towns, especially in their newer and middle-class areas, to realize how appallingly true this is. The "almost incredible ignorance" which the Marriage Guidance Council was set up to overcome, and with which community associations battle bravely but with limited effect in such places as have them, remains as massive as ever. It does not stop families from getting through life after a fashion. It does stop them getting out of it, or putting into it, what they could and should.

And here is the point of the whole argument. For we could certainly give the family more money and material glamor, without any cooperation from families themselves. We could probably create a better understanding of the need for allowances on the French scale. We could go on fiddling with the mechanisms of the Welfare State so as to insure the victory of the wives in the war between the sexes. But we would still only have created opportunities for the family. We would not have made families fit to take them. Nor would we have done anything at the spiritual level to overcome that deadly dullness which makes the family a tender plant to be preserved instead of a ferment to transform the world. We would not have educated the family, for education demands an effort from the pupil as well as the teacher.

In principle, of course, the answer is clear. What is needed now is for the family in Britain to come of age; to educate itself, solve its own internal economic problems, and exert its own influence on public opinion, through a family movement or movements of the type already familiar on the Continent. But will this happen? There are some promising beginnings, notably some plans of the Young Christian Workers. But I have an uncomfortable feeling that, as so often in the last thirty years, Mr. Young and the Welfare State will get there first.

MICHAEL P. FOGARTY.

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THE STAGE

THE LOVE OF FOUR COLONELS

AFTER Shaw, who? Not Mr. Fry, hardly Mr. Eliot, but—Peter Ustinov? The suggestion, so vulnerable to mockery, should not be rejected without an inspection of "The Love of Four Colonels," Mr. Ustinov's London success lately imported by the Theatre Guild. For here is the Shavian *brio,* only of this time and place; here also the plangent, tentative reverberations of a deeper chord, the exquisite punctures of wit, even the maddening irrelevancies. Minor though it is, "The Love of Four Colonels" has still been scored in a major key, and its presentation here has burnished the tired stones of Broadway to a most agreeable comic gloss.

It would, I suppose, be possible to read in Mr. Ustinov's spirited allegory a political parable of Germany, seductively wooed by the blandishments of four major powers. Wisely, the author has pushed his scheme to no such point; open and accessible it lies, to whatever we will make of it. He gives us four Colonels, occupying an unnamed German principality, and haggling tediously over the disposition of a deserted Rhineland castle. Into their presence, Mr. Ustinov whisks the eternal spirits of good and evil, and it is an index to this writer's spontaneous imagination that he has infused so shabby a convention of fantasy with new blood. Good and Evil dispute the allegiances of the Colonels, and agree to a test of the Castle where, chaste and expectant on her vast, rosy couch lies Ideal Beauty. Each of the Colonels may attempt to wake and win her, with the choice of historical time and place being his.

To the Russian, Beauty is a Muscovite charmer, impeccable in crinoline, whiling away a Chekhov afternoon ("Alas, it is summer—once again") and matching the blows of destiny with strokes of her croquet mallet. The French gallant sees her as a Moliere *femme des boulevards,* coyly deceiving her gouty husband, while for the tweedy, doggy Englishman, steamy with the scent of England's green and pleasant land, she is some virginal figure out of an illegitimate Elizabethan epic. Nor has Mr. Ustinov spared his current theatrical hosts: for the American, here incarnated as a toothy, muscular Christian, beauty is apt to be a St. Louis woman—a red-headed tart in high heels and a slit skirt, with morals scant as her nasal vocabulary. Mr. Ustinov's portrait of national *moeurs* could not be more devastating.

Pleasing surely, but anything more? I should say yes. Beneath the surface of its original perception, and the filigreed net of Mr. Ustinov's artifice, one senses a constant movement of the spirit among ideological commitments, a kind of colloquy of the soul. For, of course, beauty falls to none of these Colonels; the most one can hope for is another chance in another time. Would Mr. Ustinov care to go on record as endorsing the necessity of idealism and the salutary pleasure of the chase? Bland and insouciant, he drops his gaze; a wicked smile is our only response.

It is difficult to imagine a more delightful performance. The Harrisons, well married, are well matched. Rex is indeed Imperator of this comic kingdom, touching precisely the note of *raffine,* weary elegance as the Spirit of Evil, and wondrously exuberant in his other manifestations (who could forget his Elizabethan Fool or American mobster?). And Lilli Palmer executes the Ustinov conceits with a lapidary charm: her gin-mill Sadie Thompson seems to me as comically memorable as many of Miss Beatrice Lillie's outrageous inanities. Good is benignly realized by Leueen MacGrath, and there are merciless portraits of other nations and ourselves by Robert Coote, Larry Gates, George Voskovec and Stefan Schnabel as the four Colonels. It would be presumptuous to award the palm to the precocious Mr. Ustinov on the basis of this one effort, yet at its best his is a talent capable of throwing up before our eyes the loveliest catherine-wheels of wit. *(At the Shubert.)*

BE YOUR AGE

THE three acts of this incident, perpetrated by Reginald Denham and Mary Orr, correspond to certain geologic periods—say the Cro-Magnon, the Piltdown and the Neanderthal—in which human activities undergo alarming regressions. Conrad Nagel, Loring Smith and Hildy Parks were among those dinosaurs present and accounted for, but I honestly cannot report that I was disturbed when the Ice Age carried them all off after five glacial performances. *(Closed at the Playhouse.)*

RICHARD HAYES.

THE SCREEN

SETTING SUN OVER SUNSET BOULEVARD

IT was inevitable that "The Bad and the Beautiful," a new Hollywood film about Hollywood, should be compared with "Sunset Boulevard," a 1950 movie that also turned a glaring spotlight on the film capital and exposed some interesting though repelling creatures under the studio's stones. My preference is for "Sunset Boulevard" which had a melodramatic Dickensian flare appropriate to its story about an ex-star and her gigolo-scripwriter. "Sunset" had flashes of truth and

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brilliance in its decadent themes, but it was its lush and fabulous qualities that made it so entertaining.

"The Bad and the Beautiful" is also a well-acted melodrama, with Kirk Douglas, Walter Pidgeon, Lana Turner, Dick Powell and Gloria Graham, but it tries a bit too hard. Its stories and people are repelling enough, but it has neither the depth nor imagination to be an accurate expose. It is a lively, well-made film, however, and though you may not like its characters you will not find them dull.

AFTER seeing "The Bad and the Beautiful" one feels a little skeptical toward movies. This isn't, however, the only reason that "The Jazz Singer" left me rather cold. No matter how much Warner Brothers have modernized and fancied up this remake of the first talking picture, which catapulted them and Al Jolson to cinematic fame in 1927, it is still mostly sentimental hokum.

In this version, Danny Thomas plays the Jewish boy (now just home from Korea) who wants more than anything else to be an entertainer. But papa, a cantor at Sinai Temple in Philadelphia, expects Danny to carry on the family tradition as a cantor. The resulting father-son conflict runs through the whole movie—and never really is solved very satisfactorily, but it provides plenty of weepy situations. In between the moist episodes, Danny Thomas sings some old and new songs very well, assisted by Peggy Lee, a newcomer to the films who is a bit stiff in the romantic scenes but handles her songs in fine voice. The parents' roles are movingly played by Mildred Dunnock and Eduard Franz. Those who like a good, old-fashioned three-handkerchief picture should like this.

WITHOUT a doubt the most stimulating movie evening that I've had in a long time came recently at the Museum of Modern Art, whose Junior Council staged a Robert Flaherty program. I should have enjoyed seeing more of the films of this great master of the documentary than the excerpts from "Nanook of the North," "The Land" and "Man of Aran" which were shown; but the short talks by Richard Griffith, Curator of the Museum's Film Library, Lillian Gish, Paul Rotha, John Houseman (Producer of "The Bad and the Beautiful" and the forthcoming "Julius Caesar") and others were interesting. And the highlight of the evening was a 70-minute recording of a BBC broadcast, "In Memory of Robert Flaherty," which was first put on the air in England last August. This tape recording included the voice of Flaherty himself as well as statements and tributes by a wide variety of critics and friends.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

The Tragic Vision of Charles Chaplin

J. L. TALLENAY

NO character is better known the world over than Charlot, the classic tramp created by Charles Chaplin, and when a new Chaplin film appears we are reminded that here is a unique case of universal fame. And Chaplin is the sole author of all his films: he writes their scenarios, he directs each picture and he plays the principal role.

His work began in 1914 and his latest film has just recently been released. He is thus the only filmmaker whose career covers practically the entire lifetime of the motion picture. And his pictures—especially the early ones—are undoubtedly the only ones which are both beloved by the simplest, most primitive public and esteemed by the most exacting and the most sensitive critics.

His new film, "Limelight," puzzles the great movie public and the critics as well. Even though the people who came to the motion picture theaters had been warned that they would see Charles Chaplin in "his first dramatic role," the Charlot myth is so strong that the audiences seemed to feel that they had to laugh from time to time. As for mature devotees of Chaplin and the motion picture, they were undeniably puzzled by a film which turned out to be so different from what they had been expecting.

Yet it is not the first time that Chaplin has abandoned his Charlot role. Not many years back, "Monsieur Verdoux" marked the appearance of a new personage, an elderly gallant as he would have been conceived thirty years ago, elegant, smiling, cynical, almost a dandy. Andre Bazin has demonstrated in masterly fashion that Verdoux was the exact opposite of Charlie, a sort of anti-Charlot you might say. For he was as self-confident as Charlot was timid, a seducer instead of a timorous adorer, a man who wreaked vengeance on the society that had made Charlot its victim.

THE leading character who makes his appearance in "Limelight" is not a new creation. He has the physical features of Chaplin himself, as we have recently seen him in Paris. His face is intelligent and distinguished and his white hair characteristic of a man in

M. Tallenay is film editor of "La Vie Intellectuelle," the monthly review published by the French Dominicans.

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his sixties; yet he retains an unbelievably youthful appearance and expression.

If the principal character in "Limelight" is hardly fabricated out of whole cloth, if feature for feature he resembles Chaplin himself, yet the film has to do with a fictitious character embroiled in an imaginary plot. It all takes place in the London of before the first world war (at the very time a little English actor named Chaplin was making his debut in the British music halls). The character played by Chaplin is called Calvero; he is a clown who has had a successful career and won a certain renown. But he has aged, the public has lost interest in him, and he no longer can make people laugh.

When he gets a chance to perform, in order to give himself courage and dash before coming out on the stage, he drinks. Calvero however, prevents Terry, a young dancer, from killing herself; she is in despair because she is threatened with paralysis. He comforts her, takes care of her and, by restoring her confidence in life, cures her of her neurosis. She believes that she is in love with him and tells him so. Out of delicacy he runs away and becomes a beggar, while she attains the heights of fame. When at last a benefit is given for him by his friends, Calvero enjoys a final moment of triumph and then dies as Terry dances.

SUMMARIZED in this bare fashion "Limelight's" scenario unquestionably sounds melodramatic. Various critics have expressed the opinion that it is poorly done. Its very construction involves instances of ineptness: the entire first part of the film is broken up by long monologues on the part of Calvero, and the dramatic action takes too long to get under way. Finally, although it is fictitious, the film has a number of sequences that sound a personal and autobiographical note which may strike some people as discordant.

But despite these seeming weaknesses, and perhaps even because of them, "Limelight" is a major work of extraordinary richness and unprecedented originality.

Its primary originality is precisely in the personal tone which Chaplin has adopted. Never before has the motion picture reached a similar degree of intensity in the dialogue between the author and his audience. Not that "Limelight" is a confidential work addressed only to the initiate. For here again Chaplin has succeeded in addressing himself to different levels, different strata, of the public.

For the uninitiated spectator, "Limelight" is just a good story about an unfortunate man. This impelling narrative nevertheless has the same deep meaning for him as it does for others whom Chaplin also addresses, who are aware of all that the film reveals of the author's own career. For if Calvero is not Chaplin, the drama of Calvero, transposed, is that of Chaplin.

The word 'dignity' which recurs in this picture as a *leit-motiv* would seem to supply the key: a comic figure, no matter how much he is weighed down with honors, senses that his dignity as a man is constantly threatened by the very laughter he is able to create. To illustrate his universal theme of the sadness deep within a man who makes the public laugh, Chaplin, himself universally honored, has had to choose a character whose external failure and misery convey this inner disorder. That is one of the explanations of the character of Calvero, together with the unmistakable reticence which prevented Chaplin from revealing such intimate personal sentiments in his own name.

Despite this resort to fiction, made necessary by the emotional impact of motion pictures, a spectator has to view the film in the context of the literary *genre* of "confessions" in order fully to understand "Limelight." And if we accept the Confessions of Rousseau, Baudelaire's *Mon coeur mis a nu* and Gide's *Journal,* why should we refuse Chaplin, as he stands at the threshold of old age, the right to tell us, with the most delicate personal reticence, what it is that means the most to him in his life and work?

Moreover, there exist two types of confessions: those which express a man's peculiar individuality and those which attain the heights of universality, mirroring what is true of all men. The tragedy which Chaplin evokes in "Limelight" is of the latter sort. Beyond the inner drama of a clown named Calvero, beyond that of the comic figure, Chaplin, he conveys the deep loneliness and uneasiness of every man who has yielded himself up to the public.

LIKE every creation of some importance, "Limelight" is nourished by the experiences of its author. Yet its deepest meaning is not to be found in its biographical touches. The materials out of which the film is made are not taken over from life whole. The character of Calvero is much like that of Chaplin's father, a music-hall comedian of before the war, who drank and died a failure and in poverty. Then the heroine of "Limelight," like all his heroines, corresponds to his feminine ideal of the moment; she even bears a certain resemblance to the wife Chaplin met so late in life and with whom he seems to have found happiness after a life that had been emotionally unsettled. Finally, Chaplin himself is clearly the man behind the mask of Calvero the wanderer, while it is Charlot who is disguised as Calvero the clown.

But if the cards are intermingled, if it is impossible to establish a simple identity between the author and his characters, "Limelight" goes far beyond the domain of personal testimony. Chaplin embarks on a veritable meditation on his calling, on men and on life. Attempts of this sort are hardly current now in

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movies; here again Chaplin is an innovator and his novel conception requires a construction quite at variance with most current scenarios, for which the essential element is suspense.

The soliloquies of the first part of the picture are indispensable to the understanding and the balance of the picture as a whole; they go against the conventions of film making, to which a creative artist such as Chaplin does not feel bound. "Limelight," like all Chaplin's pictures, shows a fine disdain for the recognized technical and artistic rules for cutting, montage and *mise en scene*.

It is as foolish to reproach Charlot for not respecting the rules of cinematic art (if there are any) as it is to reproach Shakespeare for ignoring the rules of classical tragedy. By no idle chance does Shakespeare's name come into this discussion; his kinship with Chaplin was noted as early as 1920 by Elie Faure; it has often been cited since. The mixing of different types of theater, an apparent negligence in dramatic construction, the meditations on man and his destiny—these are elements for which Chaplin as well as Shakespeare can be reproached in the name of a certain classicism. But the elements also betray the marks of a genius who bends the conventions of the theater to the inherent demands of the vision he must communicate.

For the same reasons it is not enough to characterize "Limelight" as a melodrama to condemn it. No doubt the plot itself is simple and sentimental and the theme is not far from commonplace. But masterpieces are rarely distinguished for the uniqueness of their subject matter or the originality of form in which they are constructed. The stamp of greatness has to be sought in an author's knowledge of man and in the attitude toward life to which he bears witness. From this viewpoint "Limelight" is the very opposite of melodrama, which deals in stereotyped characters, and depends on an over-simple Manicheanism which opposes the good to the wicked and ascribes the misfortunes of the first to the dark machinations of the second. There is nothing like this in "Limelight."

MORE attention should have been given the fact that there is not a single unsympathetic character in this picture. Terry, the young dancer, is the opposite of the ingrate which convention demands; she pushes her gratitude to the point of telling Calvero that she loves him. There is no persecution of the fallen artist, which would have ascribed Calvero's misfortunes to jealousy or revenge. The impresario does his job and gets Calvero an engagement; the theater director who thinks that Calvero does poorly in his clown's role decides to keep him on when he learns his name; everyone wants to put on a performance for Calvero's benefit.

But without escaping into melodrama, "Limelight," with its meditations on failure, old age, misery and death, might easily have ended in black despair. However, Calvero's own attitude toward life is neither bitter nor rebellious. He remains full of hope and of faith in man. This clown, who should have been on the verge of despair, restores life, health and courage to a little dancer whom he met by chance along the way. He smiles with a real dignity, and without cynicism, when he has to sing in the cafes in order to live, and his final triumph on the stage gives the impression of an accomplishment rather than an act of social vengeance.

This kindness and this delicacy have been encountered before in the character of Charlot. But Charlot's misfortunes were born of the hardness of heart, of the selfishness, of others. He escaped disaster only by means of stratagems and a certain ironical cynicism. Charlot, victim of society, parried its blows and laughed at it. If Monsieur Verdoux was the opposite of Charlot, it was because in an analogous situation he chose not stratagems but open rebellion against society's laws.

But Calvero brings still a third response to such a situation. The interior sadness, the profound uneasiness of Charlot and Calvero are the same—as are their sentiments towards others, their need to love and to be loved. It is the attitude of the others toward them which has changed. It is as if in his old age Chaplin has deepened that perception of interior disillusionment which all his films illustrate.

It was too simple to believe that he was unfortunate because other men are wicked and society unjust. It is within himself that Calvero finds the reasons for his uneasy conscience, or rather he finds them in his own impulsions toward others. The love which he bears for Terry without declaring it seems to be reciprocated because she says that she loves him. But Calvero will not believe her, out of delicacy and because he suspects that her love, inspired by gratitude, is not authentic. His kindness, his generosity toward those he encounters seems to be repaid, since everyone does for him more than he would have done himself. But he senses that in each of these gestures to help him there is a touch of pity that affronts his human dignity.

The suffering of Calvero comes neither from his failure before the public nor the cruelty of those around him. It comes from within. The impersonal cruelty of the public throws light on the deception within him. The feeling of mocked-at dignity which haunts this popular entertainer conveys the excessive delicacy of a creature who is unceasingly deceived by the responses of others to his own feelings—his dignity once again deeply wounded by the degradation of love into mere gratitude and pity.

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The Failure of a Middle Way

THE THIRD FORCE IN CHINA. By Carsun Chang. Bookman. $4.50.

By JOSEPH R. FISZMAN

THERE was a time when despairing Westerners searched for a Third Force in China in an effort to find a way out of the entanglement and confusion. It was during this time that the name of Dr. Carsun Chang came into prominence. Chang was the leader of the Democratic-Socialist Party. In 1939 his party, together with other similar groups consolidated into the Democratic League. During General Marshall's mission in China, Carsun Chang and the League played their role and after Marshall left continued the work of mediation.

A former professor at the University of Jena, Chang is against class struggle, even against participation of students and youth in politics. Despite his liberalism, he has a somewhat aristocratic view of the role of the masses in government affairs, and in this he is true to the teachings of Confucius who once said: "The people can be told to act in conformity, but they cannot be told why, as they are not fit to know."

Carsun Chang, like his master, is full of contradictions, wise and at the same time naive, extremely honest and sincere and simultaneously a bit shrewd. He was the author of China's first real Constitution, which is in his eyes a dead paper today, discarded by the Nationalists as well as the Communists.

To the students of Chinese affairs, *The Third Force in China* will not bring any new information and may even sometimes seem shallow, flat and naive. An almost exhaustive compilation of previously-known material, it will, I believe, for this reason remain a permanent reference book for the searcher of the Asian tragedy. As far as America's role is concerned, Chang gives the U. S. State Department a clean bill of health, asserting that the Chinese themselves must bear the main blame for what happened. If one could speak at all about America's guilt, he thinks, it is only in that the United States showed a constant indecisiveness.

It is worth noting that such people as Patrick Hurley—who at present severely criticizes the role of the United States Administration in China—showed more optimism then, for instance, than George F. Kennan. In the light of what later happened, Kennan's words sound almost prophetic: "It would be tragic if our natural anxiety for the support of the Soviet Union at this juncture, coupled with Stalin's use of words which mean all things to all people and his cautious affability, were to lead us into an undue reliance on Soviet aid or even Soviet acquiescence in the achievement of our long-term objectives in China."

Carsun Chang gives a frank portrait of the Generalissimo in such characterizations as these, ". . . predisposition to appoint his old and trusted comrades, regardless of their proven corruption or lack of ability, to posts of responsibility, still outweighed his desire for good government . . . not a man who abides by law or believes in the rule of law . . . personal power is all that Chiang understands . . . he is alert and quick witted. He is emotional. He never follows out a policy intelligently." And Dr. Chang comes to the following conclusion: "For his own good and the good of the hundreds of millions of his countrymen now under the Communist yoke, it is best for him [Chiang] to bask in his past glories, which are genuine, and to leave the work of salvation to those who are better qualified. . . ."

Although the possibility of a Titoist movement in Communist China is negated by the author, the book portrays Chou En-lai and Tun Pih-wu as *Chinese* communists. Moreover, in his opinion Stalin realizes he cannot exercise the same control over China that he does over the domestic affairs of the satellites in Eastern Europe, and in general Chang feels that democracy and Communism will with time find some kind of *modus vivendi* and that Communism will "wither away." This view, like many others he expresses, is in contradiction to his advocacy of the use of force in fighting the Communists at this time.

One cannot doubt Dr. Chang's sincerity, and because he is so sincere, one can discern in his writing an inner struggle, a great indecision and many contradictions. Although a Third Force does exist in China and is growing in *moral* strength because of the dissatisfaction with the regime of the Kuomintang and the regime of Communism, this force was never organized. The third parties were never more than small groups of powerless politicians who had no following among the masses but sat around tables in rooms filled with cigar smoke and the scent of Chinese wine, hoping to bring about a compromise between the two powerful factions. And in the end they were used by both the Communists and by the Generalissimo.

Before the final disaster, Chiang Kai-shek invited Chang to participate in a quasi-coalition government. Chang records his reaction to the offer: "I felt very embarrassed when the proposal was made to me that my party join the government, because my party was not prepared for it. . . . I saw clearly that acceptance of a ministry could easily involve the minister or his subordinate officials in charges of corruption, without assuring any commensurate political advantage. I decided, therefore, to accept only one or two ministries without portfolio . . . " Thus, in a manner so typical of many Chinese statesmen, Chang made his decision and personally remained outside the government in order not to be "tarred with the same brush."

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Tonto in India

THE LOTUS AND THE WIND. By John Masters. Viking. $3.

By WILLIAM RILEY

IF you have been or are now a fervent follower of the Lone Ranger and his faithful Indian companion, Tonto, John Masters' new novel is definitely the book for you. Except for a change in locale, the lack of silver bullets and the well-known hearty cry of heigh-ho Silver, the book is clearly in the Lone Ranger tradition.

The Indians here are real, not a mistake of historical nomenclature. They include, among others, Gurkhas and Ghilzais, who are either for or against the British in their attempts to colonize India in the late nineteenth century. The author is a veteran of fourteen years with the Indian Army.

Masters' ranger goes by the name of Robin Savage, and Tonto is disguised as a Gurkha by the name of Jagbir. At any rate, even though Savage doesn't wear a mask and Jagbir's key line is "Huzoor, sahib," rather than "Kemo, sabbe," the pseudonyms won't fool you a single bit.

Young Savage is a real loner. But rather than stating this fact, then dropping it and getting on with the main business, which is a hero-villain chase that stretches across most of southern Asia, the author insists on treating it as a problem. Fortunately, except for a few passages where one character or another attempts to penetrate Robin's psyche, a task known to be impossible to even the neophyte student of rangerism, the problem doesn't interfere much with the chase.

A ranger purist might object to the plot's intrigue. However, it gives the author a chance to introduce one notable ranger characteristic, which is a gullibility so profound that devious-hearted men find themselves unmasked before it. And, once unmasked, they escape, as does the mildly sinister villain here, one Muralev, so as to live to fight again, in the next episode.

As an old ranger follower myself, I liked the book. The villains are never too nasty, and the hero is never too real. There's a lot of excitement, and, as I said, the chase is one of the longest in the annals of ranger fiction. Jagbir does take the name of Turfan somewhere in Afghanistan, I think, but sure as the triumph of good over evil in the last chapter of rangerbooks, if you just keep Tonto in mind you'll not have any trouble recognizing him.

Catholic Pioneers

FATHER HECKER AND HIS FRIENDS. By Joseph McSorley, C. S. P. Herder. $3.95.

By MARY KOLARS

THE American nineteenth century is full of perplexities for the modern Catholic. It saw many great bishops, from Cheverus and England at its beginning to Ireland and Gibbons at its close—men whose quality was in general acknowledged and admired. But Catholicism itself was strongly suspect; and the native American feeling rose to a frenzy of mistrust and hatred when the huge tide of Catholic immigrants, mainly ignorant and poverty-ridden, began to sweep in upon the Republic.

Interiorly, a contrary prejudice made itself felt. The Church—as yet unbuilt though already so vastly peopled—had at first to rely largely on European volunteer priests; men who, meriting many sorts of praise, do not merit that of having understood American principles or ideas. Their influence (historically comprehensible in the light of what was happening in Europe) showed in an aversion to the "gospel of liberty" and often in the determined segregation of national groups from the ordinary current of American life.

Toward the middle of the century a small band of native-born converts came, each by his own path, from positions of Protestant eminence, from families secure and distinguished, from the nation's most famous colleges, to the Redemptorist Order. They launched the first systematic missions ever given to the country's English-speaking Catholics; and for seven years poured their unusual gifts and their full strength into scores of such missions, North and South: a work of salvage and revivification none can compute. In 1857 they separated from the Redemptorists, with the consent of the Holy See, to realize a purpose which experience had been clarifying in their minds: a "community for conversions."

The leader of this group, Isaac Hecker, had felt early and strongly the consonance between American ideals and Catholic truth. Neither he nor his companions ever wavered in the belief that the choicest hope for the future lay in the combining of these two goods, natural and supernatural. This enduring vision of the beloved Republic at once truly American and truly Catholic was the formative force of the Paulist movement.

Writing of these men—Isaac Hecker, Francis Baker, Augustine Hewit, George Deshon—and their first associates, Fathers Elliott, Tillotson, Young, Searle, Rosecrans and Robinson, Father McSorley writes from direct contact or immediate tradition. A third-generation Paulist, he has known personally all but seven of the Congregation's total roster of two hundred fifty two, including two of the founders. Though he missed the great Hecker by a small margin of years, he was trained by Father Walter Elliott, Hecker's biographer and closest friend. This richness of knowledge accumulated during a whole religious lifetime, from personal relations or the common stock of one religious household, is felt throughout the book. Even more deeply felt is the spirit of the work, written as it is by one who has himself long been a distinguished figure in his Congregation and his country.

The organizing hand so formidably evident in the massive *Outline History of the Church* has been at work behind these easy and limpid pages, to compose the background chaos into a real whole. Paulist history proper is of course treated in detail, from the time the group became a diocesan community, in 1858, under Archbishop Hughes, and received a parish three miles long, containing a major portion of

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The following comments received the past few weeks give an inkling of the basic function of The Commonweal:

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New York City's poor. We are reminded of Paulist pioneering in many important matters we now take for granted: correct liturgical singing and observance among them. The early story of the *Catholic World,* interesting in itself, turns up a very human chapter on the brilliant and thorny Brownson, Hecker's lifelong friend. There is an account of the rise—and passing—of the "Americanism" storm in France over a misunderstood translation of Elliott's life of Hecker, an account which uncovers for our enjoyment the tart pronouncement of Archbishop Riordan at Saint Sulpice, in Paris, that the heresy known as Americanism "existed only in the imagination of three or four Frenchmen." And there is a little triumph of presentation in the narrative of the Paulists' severance from the Redemptorist Order, which clears up the whole matter unprovocatively, and incidentally shows in a very favorable light the practical judgment of Pius IX.

But the book is, in essence, a picture of separate persons linked together by a common work for God. Wonderful things, Hecker nobly said, can be done by "a body of free men who love God with all their might." We ever need the reminder and the example, to sustain our smaller efforts and warm our colder hearts.

End of a Dream

I DREAMT REVOLUTION. By William Reswick. Regnery. $4.50.

By JAN OLECHOWSKI

HOW strongly the Russian people must have been affected by the decay of disillusionment is described in this very interesting book, by Mr. William Reswick, New York *Times* correspondent in Moscow during the first decade of the Soviet state.

Born in Russia and educated in United States, the author was intimate with many top Soviet leaders, particularly with such right-wing Bolsheviks as Rykov, Tomski, Krassin; even with Yagoda, the chief of GPU. His memoir is fascinating reading, full of new details and little-known facts going back to the days when Stalin was engineering his dictatorship.

Mr. Reswick's book has one weakness, common to many authors who once expected something better from the Russian revolution. He is inclined to blame the failure of the Soviet revolution entirely on the evil force of Stalin's personal ambition. It is a misleading conception. The roots of the evil were hidden deeply in the moral spirit of Leninism itself, with its cynical slogan that "ends justify means" and its ruthless contempt for human life. Stalin is a star student of the Communist ethics formulated and applied before he even started his fight for power. In fact, Communist ethics could and did produce a Stalin. It would be naive to expect such principles to produce a generation of faithful and enthusiastic followers.

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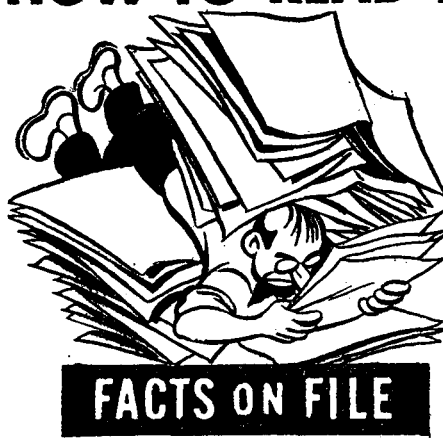

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Hallowing of Life

OF SACRAMENTS AND SACRIFICE: By Clifford Howell, S. J. Liturgical Press. (Collegeville, Minn.) $2.50.

By LEO J. TRESE

IT is not often that a reviewer picks up a book which impels him to exclaim, "I wish that everyone could read this book!" I don't know that I myself ever have said that of any book—except maybe the Holy Bible. But I do say it now; I say it of Father Howell's *Of Sacraments And Sacrifice*. It is the finest popular exposition of the whole question of worship (and liturgy, which is worship's vehicle), which I have seen.

There are other books of absorbing interest, any number. Some of them have a wide appeal, too, in proportion as their topics are of general interest: books on mental health, for example, or on how to raise a baby. But here is a book that ought to be of universal interest. Worship, giving glory to God, is the one thing for which all of us are made. Our primary vocation is not to be a priest or a parent, a lay apostle, a writer or teacher or nurse. Our primary vocation, to which all the others merely contribute, is to give due honor to God. However wholesome or even holy our activities may be, they will remain in isolated detachment from each other, a kind of spiritual crazy-quilt, unless and until they have been unified under the true concept of worship. Perhaps the apparent competitiveness and exclusiveness of many devotional practices and apostolic schemes, is due to a lack of this concept.

Well, we no longer can plead invincible ignorance; not after Father Howell's book. His is not, by any means, the first book to deal with the liturgy. Particularly in recent years, several scholarly works (not too many) have appeared in English, major contributions to the liturgical revival so urgently pressed by the Popes of our time.

However, these previous tomes have been too manifestly erudite to whet the appetite of the average Catholic. They have used a vocabulary which only the initiated could understand with ease; and they have presupposed an understanding of fundamentals which may not so easily be taken for granted.

Father Howell has plowed a new furrow. There is erudition in his book too, but he doesn't let it show. Only a tremendous knowledge of his subject could enable him to write of it with such clarity, such freshness—and such love. I hope the author will not take offense if I say that his book reads as easily as a newspaper, yet leaves behind the aftertaste of solid food ingested. Read it, and you may be amazed to discover that you possess powers which you never suspected; you will be delighted to find, perhaps for the first time, what Baptism and Confirmation have done for you; you may be ashamed to learn how little the Mass has meant to you; and much else besides that your catechism never taught.

This definitely is *not* a book that "ought to be read by every priest and seminarian." It is not a book

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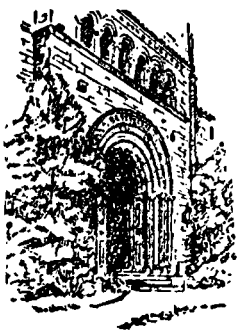

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"The Second Sex," by Simone de Beauvoir (Knopf, $10.), was inadvertently reviewed in the January 23 issue of The Commonweal. It will not be published until February 23.

REVIEWERS

Joseph R. Fiszman, a native of Poland, was educated in China and has written on Far Eastern problems for the *New Leader*, the New York *Times Book Review*, and other publications.

William Riley is at the Yale Law School.

Mary Kolars, essayist and reviewer, is a former assistant editor of The Commonweal.

Jan Olechowski is a writer for Radio Free Europe.

The Rev. Leo J. Trese is the author of *Vessel of Clay*.

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